

6

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1913

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY

210 West Colfax Avenue.

South Bend, Indiana

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana

BY CARRIER.

Daily and Sunday, in advance, per copy . . . . . 12c

year . . . . . \$5.00. Daily, single copy . . . . . 2c

Sunday, single copy . . . . . 3c

BY MAIL.

Daily and Sunday in advance, per year . . . . . \$4.00

Daily, in advance, per year . . . . . \$3.00

If your name appears in the telephone directory you can telephone your want "ad" to The News-Times office and a bill will be mailed after its insertion. Home phone 1161; Bell phone 2100.

CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN

Foreign Advertising Representatives.

115 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Advertising Building, Chicago

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, JULY 5, 1913.

WOMEN AND OFFICE.

Jane Addams is a very sensible woman. The acquisition of the suffrage has not turned her head. She sees as clearly now the duty of women as she saw the duty of men before the double political standard was abolished, or partly abolished in Illinois.

It was perhaps natural that enthusiastic friends, the moment additional rights of citizenship were conferred upon them, to propose Miss Addams as a candidate for mayor of Chicago, but it was obviously a premature explosion of pardonable enthusiasm and is so regarded by the great social worker.

On her return from Europe Miss Addams deprecated the use of her name in this connection, at the same time expressing her appreciation of the motives by which her friends were prompted. "It is a hypothetical question," said Miss Addams to the interviewers, "but I repeat that even if, as the question suggests, I should be called and nominated against my wishes I should refuse any nomination."

Miss Addams declared it to be against the principles of the suffrage organization of Illinois to rush into officeholding. It would be much wiser, she thinks, to have a few years of experience as voters before seeking candidacies. Miss Addams understands better than less experienced women that politics is a complex system and government not the simple affair it may appear to the uninitiated. Perhaps more than most women she comprehends the responsibilities of citizenship.

In assuming the franchise women step into a new relation with the public. In addition to being a moral influence they become a material factor in the constructive work of the state. In this new relation good intentions cannot be accepted as good acts if the results of the performance prompted thereby do not size up with the motive.

There should be nothing discouraging in this. The average intelligence of women is as high if not higher than the average intelligence of men. They will be able to master the complexities of politics and government, but it would be wise, as Miss Addams has suggested, to content themselves for a time with the exercise of their newly acquired rights.

AN IMPRESSIVE EXAMPLE.

We are given an impressive example of the power of government in the proceedings of the lobby investigation. The comparative diminutiveness of the individual is strikingly illustrated. When the government speaks all men give heed. Every personal consideration yields to the demands of the higher power.

It is a wholesome example, and it may serve to correct some misconception of the powers and purposes of the legislative and judicial branches of the government. The courts and legislative bodies have been said to be created for the sole benefit of the rich and influential. Agitators and so-called reformers have charged that the poor and uninfluential have to chance.

It is edifying and inspiring to see these charges controverted in so emphatic a manner as that witnessed in the investigation of the money trust and in the present lobby inquiry. The money kings of Wall-st. humbly bowed in this supreme presence and revealed the inmost operations of their systems. Their convenience and their claims of the rights to privacy were not considered. The government as guardian of the people must know and the kings unlocked their most secret chambers.

So with those who can throw light on the lobby investigation. They must give up their trips to the Antipodes, they must abandon their plans of business or pleasure and respond to the summons from Washington. It is imperative, imperial in its authority. It is the voice of the people.

The country must know how much truth there is in the charges preferred by Col. Mulhall and others. The exposure must be so complete that the conspiracy cannot be continued or easily revived, and the corrupt must be punished.

FT. WAYNE AS A MODEL.

We cannot forget that the Tribune tried to push that Ft. Wayne plan of municipal government over on us. Fortunately the legislature had more sense than the Tribune, strange to say (?) and we were spared that infliction.

But the Tribune got Ft. Wayne on its mind (?) at that time and can't let it off. South Bend is asked to follow the example of its near rival in the matter of an independent ticket, or "citizens" ticket, as the Tribune calls it. From what we know of Ft. Wayne and her politicians we judge the situation in that city is sim-

ilar to that in South Bend. A few leftovers are trying to get back.

Holding up Ft. Wayne as a political model is a good deal like the Tribune posing as a moral monitor. The consistency of one is about the same as the other. If we except Terre Haute, there isn't a worse decayed political center in the state. Decent people—and they have them in Ft. Wayne—hold their noses when they open a campaign there, just as they do in South Bend when the Tribune tries to throw the responsibility for a messianism on the citizens.

The Tribune has done a good many nasty things to South Bend, but perhaps none has exceeded in maliciousness its efforts to saddle an abortive form of government upon us and its latest attempt to hoodwink the people into supporting a so-called "citizens" movement concocted for the special benefit of the I—the Tribune-Trust-triumvirate combination.

The republicans refuse to be led into that kind of a trap and the progressives are a little backward about coming forward. The democrats can be trusted to smell the bait. The Tribune should worry.

A DASTARD'S DEED.

No true southerner would have been guilty of the offense which started the row in a boarding house at Gettysburg resulting in a stabbing affray. Veterans of the confederate army cannot forget that they fought for what they regarded as a principle, however false the conception might have been, and they are brave and noble enough to respect the men who defeated their efforts to dissolve the union.

The row was started by that class of men in the north who, while they may have served in the army, served without the spirit of patriotism, creating discontent and dissensions in the ranks, or if they remained at home plotted against and obstructed the cause of the union. They are the irresponsible and unappreciative characters found in every community and unavoidable units of every organization.

Southern soldiers were first taught to believe that Lincoln was a tyrant and that the success of the federal arms meant devastation, anarchy and ruin for the south, but by the time the war was over and they were permitted to take to their homes horses, mules and other property that would be useful in helping them to restore their shattered fortunes, they were unbecomingly. When Lincoln was assassinated the deed was no more deeply deprecated nor the martyr more sincerely mourned than in the south.

It was unfortunate that the impressiveness of the friendly meeting of the blue and the grey at Gettysburg should have been marred by an insult to Lincoln and the shedding of blood, but it was the work of rowdies and not of the patriotic soldiers of either army.

DIARY OF FATHER TIME.

During the early part of the 18th century England was the most ungovernable country in Christendom. Religion was set up as the principle object of ridicule, while the clergy spent most of their time in fox hunting and hard drinking.

The debtors' prison in the Fleet afforded a harbor of refuge to a considerable number of dissolute divines, the scum of the Anglican clergy. Many of these clerical debtors were not allowed to wander from the precincts of the prison; to others this privilege was not denied so long as they elected to keep within a mile of the Fleet.

Silently they commenced by marrying, without license, and without the publicity of banns, all people who applied to them in the chapel of the Fleet Prison, charging a fee which varied from six to fifteen shillings. Between the months of October, 1794, and February, 1795, the marriages solemnized in the Fleet Prison reached the total of 2,950. Later on, not content with placards and advertisements in the papers, the parsons frequently employed touts, who, sharing in the profits, left no stone unturned to secure their prey. These gentry never hesitated to resort to bullying and intimidation, and frequently even went so far as to drag in couples by force who happened to be passing.

Boss Murphy is the man behind the breach of promise suit, according to Gov. Sulzer. And it cannot be denied that Mr. Murphy is often found behind a breach.

Toying with the affections of actresses is an expensive luxury in England, if such toying may be regarded as a luxury.

It must be a bitter disappointment to the Tribune to see the republicans so ungrateful after all it has done for them (?).

Documentary evidence has been produced to show that our Jim Watson underestimated what was done for him in 1908.

Authorities tell us that nothing short of getting fat will remove wrinkles. Therefore eat, drink, be merry and get fat.

A moose hunt in Duluth and a tarantula hunt in Evanston rival in primal wildness the Tribune's search for a "citizens" party.

The thorough cleaning of the city has greatly reduced the number of flies, but the swatting is still good.

What the president saves on presidential salaries will come handy in paying the cost of investigations.

Though unnecessary, we are assured that the new war in Europe is purely a matter of business.

The nation has broken the rum and tobacco records. It is also high on vice.

Think what newspaper literature would have lost had not Lamar been stirred into speech!

Looking over the casualty list we still have reason to doubt our own sanity.

The ensuing issue of the Outlook is likely to have a large circulation.

Will Editor Miller relieve the cyclonic suspense?

STATESMEN REAL AND NEAR

BY FRED C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—We are now about to learn why the fine new bureau of printing and engraving in Washington changed to be made of limestone, and of the narrow escape it had from being made of granite.

When the House Committee on New Buildings was about to pass finally on the question of granite or limestone, Rep. Austin of Tennessee, led a strong fight in favor of granite for two reasons: First, because they raise granite in Tennessee, and, still more important, because granite is more expensive. As readers of this column well know by this time, Austin frankly dotes on spending government money, and will never be content so long as there is a cent left in the treasury. He thought it was particularly appropriate that the new bureau of engraving and printing—the place where they make the money—should cause a loss of money to be spent in its construction. Little by little he won members of the committee over to his side, and it was practically settled that the building would be made of granite, which costs vastly more than limestone. Just to clinch the proposition, though, Austin called on Rep. Andrus of New York to state his views on the question. Andrus, so Austin explained to me, was particularly anxious to get the bill passed, had built a number of costly big apartment houses and the like, and was something of an authority on building questions, and whatever he said should end the discussion.

Now, Austin was, of course, under the impression that Andrus was for granite, but he was mistaken. Andrus had sat back quietly, saying little about his views, but he happened, to Austin's extreme dismay, that he strongly favored limestone. In his opening remarks Andrus mentioned that Westminster Abbey is built of limestone, and said it is wearing so well that with reasonable care it ought to last for some time. He warmed up to his subject and paid such an eloquent tribute to limestone that one might almost have thought that limestone had died and Andrus was delivering the funeral oration.

When Andrus sat down the committee which had been about to vote for granite was practically unanimous for limestone. And the government was saved several hundred thousand dollars. Austin went out and wept.

Rep. Copley of Illinois has a wife who is endowed with a streak of political acumen. Toward the close of Copley's first race for congress his telephone rang one night, and he slept. Mrs. Copley answered it. A farmer wished to talk to Copley. "He's—he's away," she faltered, knowing that he was completely tired out from campaigning and shouldn't be disturbed.

"Where is he?" asked the man. "I think," said Mrs. Copley, "that he went to see about one of his company's horses that is sick." "Say, he must be all right," said the farmer. "Any man that'll go out to see about a sick horse when he's busy in a big campaign like this must be my kind of a fellow."

And that was just why the little fib had occurred to the candidate's wife.

Sen. Hitchcock of Nebraska used to live at 1712 H st. in Washington. Then he moved to a house at 1712 I st.—just a block away as the birds flies. That let him in for a lot of trouble. Those who know how to live on H st. refuse to believe that he dwells at a corresponding number on the next street, and persistently seek him at the old address. He rarely gets a package delivered without a lot of fuss and confusion.

The ignorance of people who write letters to public men continues to increase at a rapidly increasing rate. A few weeks ago Sen. Burton of Ohio got a letter from a prosperous manufacturer in Dayton, who might be supposed to know the basic facts of very-day affairs. The letter was addressed to "Senator Burton, Congressman from the Third District of Ohio," which Burton, of course, isn't. Burton was asked to oppose a certain mechanical lien measure when it comes up in "Congress"—which it never will, inasmuch as it was a state matter, considered by the state legislature. And the prosperous manufacturer had then spelled "Hear". About the only thing he had right was the date.

Sen. Martin of Virginia, head of the powerful Appropriations Committee, has a peculiar walk. Just offhand, it is about as odd a little walk as one can think of. You've seen, perhaps, a man carrying a keg of nails. He has hold of it at each end and is obliged to rear back a little to keep his balance. His head and abdomen are thrown forward and he takes short steps, planting each one carefully, under the strain of the burden. Sen. Martin walks as if he were always carrying a keg of nails. (Copyright, 1913, by Fred C. Kelly. All rights reserved.)

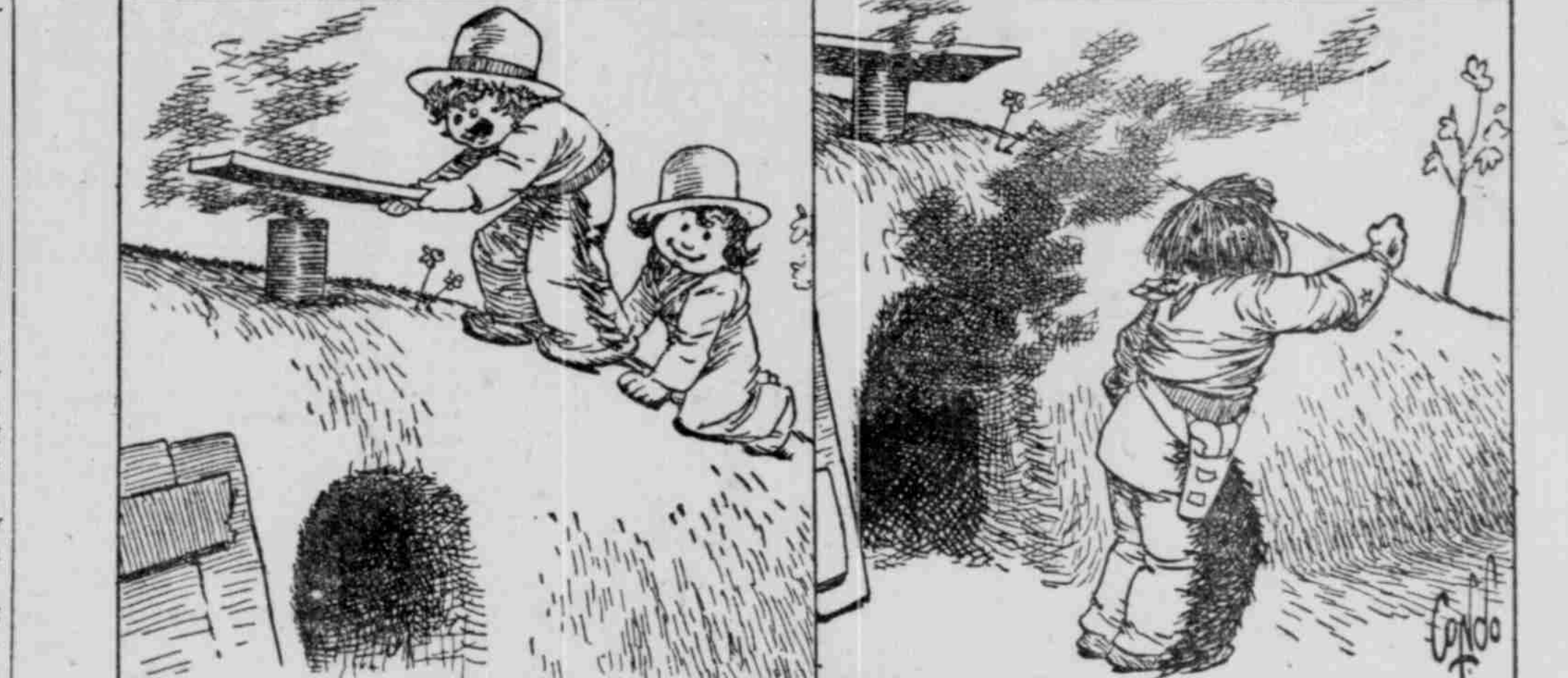
THE CHILDREN'S OWN CORNER

"DEADSHOT BILL" FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer and A. D. Condo.



Deadshot Bill has built a cave, A refuge such as outlaws crave. To dine upon some plunder there Our desperado seeks his lair.



He's snug inside, but on the roof Two jealous rivals lurk aloof. Bill is smoked out of his den, But he dasts e'm to come back again!

The and the

AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE. Chapter I. Once, years ago, there lived in a strange old house in a town down by the deep, rolling sea a little boy who had many playthings. Now our story today is not so much about the boy as about two of his toys. For, boys and girls, though it may seem very strange to you, this little fellow had the kind of toys that fall in to it. Now isn't that too queer-sounding for any use? But, anyway, that was the case. The two particular toys you are to learn of were Miss Bouncing Ball and Mr. Twirling Top! Miss Ball was made of real morocco leather and moved herself to be a very fashionable girl. Mr. Twirling Top was not very stylish-looking until one day his little master painted him bright red and yellow. Then he felt very gay and very happy. "Look at me. Look at me," said Mr. Top to Miss Ball when his new paint was dry. "I hope you like me, Miss Ball. I don't see why we shouldn't get married. We live in the same desk drawer in our master's play room." "We usually are called upon to work for the little master every day in the same garden. We both have the same chances of being lost, and I don't see why we shouldn't be happy together while we may." "H'm," said Miss Ball, very proudly. "Maybe you do not know that my parents were morocco slippers and that I have real cork in my body!" "Yes, Miss Ball," answered the Twirling Top slyly, "but I am made of mahogany!" "Well, that being the case, I might possibly consider you if it were not for the fact that I am almost betrothed to the swallow in yonder tree top." "You see whenever I fly up into the air Mr. Swallow always puts his head out of his nest and seems to smile at me. I have as good as told him I will marry him some day. This much I will tell you. I will never forget you, though." "Thank you very much," said Mr. Twirling Top, spinning away to his own corner of the desk drawer. "I will not urge you further at this time." The next day the ball went out into the garden and was tossed into the air. She kept on flying higher and higher, nearer and nearer the swallow's nest, until the ninth time, when she flew so high that she never came back. "I wonder where she is. I wonder where she is," sighed the lonely Mr. Top. (To be continued.)

THE MELTING POT

The Morning After. It was the morning after. The patriot rubbed his head. And expressed with great decision The wish that he was dead.

"This pursuing of traditions," He said with muffled voice, "Is not what it's cracked up to be To make a man rejoice."

THE fat and the lean are the two extremes that are ever trying to meet. The fat would be thinner and the thin would be fatter, though neither wishes to be the other. But like the search for the fountain of youth the effort to attain the happy medium seems hopeless.

WHY should either be discontented? Each has its advantages. The fat don't wrinkle and the lean have shape, or can make it.

BY industry and thrift a Chicago policeman is enabled to retire from his arduous employment and pay \$37,000 for a saloon. This is virtue rewarded in its own kind.

WE shall place neither Mulhall nor Lamar in our gallery of exemplars of virtue, but we should never refuse to accept whatever good may be extracted from evil. We remember that it was McManigal that convicted the McNamaras.

"I HAD tacked all the way up the course to the first hole," writes the golfer, "before I discovered there was no head wind."

SOME advantage in having an education. Pres. Wilson seems to have understood the meaning of insidious when he said it.

MANY ways of earning money at home have been suggested for women, but nobody ever thought of paying a man for the laborious and perplexing task of hooking up his wife's dress.

"THERE should be no jealousy be-

WILL CONTINUE CRUISE. BOOTH BAY HARBOR, Me., July 5.—The cruise of the Eastern Yacht club will continue up the coast Saturday after a 15-hour rest in the harbor here. Moderate winds of Friday wafted the fleet of ten yachts into the harbor late Friday after a successful sail from Portland. The 28 1-2 mile run was won by the Elena, owned by M. F. Plant.

TRY NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS

Keep Your Store Cool

Everybody is hunting the cool spots, and the merchant with a comfortable store is sure to get the trade.

Make your business place a pleasant place for customers to spend their time. It is the best kind of advertising.

Make conditions better for your clerks and they will sell more goods.

Electricity Will Do It

Electric lights give off no heat, smoke or odor. No matter how low the ceilings, or how small the room, the air in an Electrically lighted building is always fresh and wholesome.

Use a fan and warm weather will have no worries for your business.

Be up-to-date, use the best light for the least cost. Let us explain why Electricity is the best.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

220-222 West Colfax Avenue

ALWAYS SAFE.

"Do you believe in safety in numbers?"

"Sure, when I'm exceeding the speed limit I hang some other guy's number on the back of the car."

AUTO AMBULANCE SERVICE

HIRAM C. KRIEGBAUM

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

302 S. Main St.

Phone—Home 4008, Bell 401

41 Years Old

4% on Savings Deposits 4%

South Bend National Bank

CAPITAL . . . . . \$100,000

SURPLUS EARNED . . . . . 110,000

DIRECTORS.

Adrian Hubbard, Haven Hubbard,

Myron Campbell, Marvin Campbell,

George Wyman, Fred H. Badet,

Arthur L. Hubbard.

Prompt, courteous treatment to all from all, always.

4% on Savings Deposits 4%

41 Years Old

EYES EXAMINED

and Headaches Relieved without the use of Drugs by

H. LEMONTREE

South Bend's Leading Optometrist and Manufacturing Optician.

222 1/2 So. Michigan Street.

Phone 4004. Bell Phone 347.

Examine from 9 to 10:30 A. M.

TRY NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS TRY NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS